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∞ AN ELEGIE ON ∞
THE DEATH OF
PRINCE HENRIE.

By S^r William Alexander of MENSTRIE,
Gentleman of his Priuie Chamber.



EDINBURGH.

Printed by Andro Hart, and are to
be solde at his shop, on the North-side of the
high street, a litle beneath the Crosse. [1613]

With Licence

J^r W. Alexander Elegie on the
Death of P. Herrie. 4. Edinburgh. 1613.

This Poem is so rare that
Chalmers in his Biog: Dict:
says that the only other copy
known is that in the
Library of the Edinburgh University.



Alexander (William) Earl of Stirling
K₂

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AN ELEGIE ON THE
DEATH OF PRINCE
HENRIE.

IF griefe would giue me leaue, to let the world haue part
Of that which it [though sursetting] engrosses in my hart:
Then I would sow some teares, that so they mo might breed,
Not such as eyes vse to distill, but which the hart doth bleed.
As from a troubled spring like off-spring must abound,
So let my lynes farre from delight, hoarse [as their Authour] sound
I care not at what rate that others pryse their worth,
So I disburthen may my minde, and powre my passions forth.
Though generall be the losse, one shelfe confounding quyte
The Kings chiefe joy, the kingdomes hope, & all the worlds delight
And that each one of those, a diuerse wound giues me,
Whil'st all concurring would increase, what not increas'd can be:
Yet mine owne part when weigh'd, so deepe impresion leaues,
That my soules pow'rs all so possess'd, no others it conceaues.
How can my hart but burst, while as my thoughts would trace,
The great Prince *Henries* gallant parts, and not-affected grace:
Ah that I chanc'd so long [O wordly pleasure fraile!]
To be a witnesse of that worth, which I but liue to waile!
How oft haue I beheld [a world admiring it]
His Martiall sports euen men amaze, his wordes bewitch their wit;

Whose worth did in all mindes just admiration breed :
When but a childe, more then a man [ah too soon rype indeed]
Still temperat, actiue, wise, as borne to doe great things ;
He reallie shew what he was, a quint-essence of Kings.

With stately lookes yet mylde, a Majestie humaine
Both loue and reuerence bred at once, entyld, yet did restraints.

What acting any where, he still did grace his part,
A courtlie Gallant with the King, a statelie Prince a part:

When both together were, O how all harts were wonne !
A Syre so louing to behold, so duetifull a Sonne.

He more then all his state his fathers fauour weigh'd,
And gloried more him to attend, then when else-where obey'd.

But heauen enuied the earth, that one it so should grace,
Who was not due vnto the world, though lent to it a space:

And straight they tooke their owne, who now no more appears,
Euen when the Spheares & muses joyn'd, did serue to count his years.

What wit could not perswade, authoritie. not force,
An vnion now at last is made [ah made by a divorce !]

Both once did one thing wish, and both one want do waile,
Thus miserie hath match'd vs now, when all things else did faile.

We might as all the rest, so this exception misse,
I rather we had jarr'd in all, or we had joyn'd in this.

This the first tempest is, which all this Ile didASSE,
His cradle *Scotland*, *England* tombe, both shar'd his life and losse.

O how the traitrous world, by flattering hopes betrayses
And scornes the confidence of man, who stil through danger strayses !

But most of all the great, when at their fortunes hight
Oft huge disasters do confound, not lookt for till they light. [volute

That states which seem'd most calme, straight stormes in waues in
Whogathered were for greatest joy, with greatest grieve dissolue.

That *Macedonian* Syre, whose victories were ryse,
The day which did his daughter wed, did part him selfe from lyfe.

French second *Henrie* to, slaine in like sort was seene,
Asto triumph there with the rest, death had inuited beene:

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For whilst he tilting was, when all his troupes among,
 A broken trees flow'n spark did proue more then his scepter strong
 That *Goth* who vanquish'd *Rome*, and thousands did destroy,
 Euen when his bryde bent to embrace, died in his greatest joy.
 The last yet first *French* King for courage, valour, wit,
 Who by the sword acquyr'd the Crowne, fram'd for a scepter fit:
 Whilst mustring all his might, [being farre from feare or doubt]
 He fraughted *France* with armed troupes, as bragging all about.
 Then whilst his hopes most high, euen kingdomes did appall,
 He in that greatest pompe surpry'd, a villains prey did fall.
 Thus hath it fatall beene, confirm'd in euery age,
 That who did meet to acte great parts, went weeping from the stage.
 Is it that God euen then, would hautie thoughts dis bend?
 Or that such times as eminent, vyle traitours most attend?
 So when suspected least [O *Ocean* of annoy!]
 Lo, mourning mirth preuented hath, & grieve encroach'd on joy.
 Yet not in such a sort, as with some in times past,
 Whose life being oft inuolu'd in blood, blood did dispatch at last:
 But he (still sacred) went not violated hence,
 The glorie of a Gallant youth, a paterne for a Prince.
 What brest so barbarous is, which vertue can not charme?
 No hand, no, nor no hart in ought, could do or dreame his harme.
 Since by his sight not blest, all count themselues accurst,
 By whom the world was big with hopes, which did not die but burst.
 Tyme did contract it seem'd (his course so short fore-seene)
 That worth in youth, which all his age should haue extended beene
 For O, to what strange hight had his perfections flowne,
 Had they as first, still by degrees proportionable growne!
 But superstition then, had statues made of gold,
 And some might haue Idolatriz'd, as many did of old.
 The fates (it may be) stay'd what after might him trap,
 As in *Campania Pompeyes* death preuented had mishap:
 He happie was in this, which few haue beene before,
 When all opinions purchas'd were, to venture them no more.

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For all perswaded are, as acted in effect,
 That he might haue perform'd as much as mortalls could expect.
 Thus went he from the world, when with the best thought euen,
 Whil'st though but flourishing on earth, yet a ripe fruit for heauen,
 The Lord oft twixt the King and dangers huge did stand,
 And many so to saue, him sau'd, as life of all the Land:
 For scorning all their crafts who vglie euils did found,
 What priuat plots did God disclose, what open force confound
 Yet when he was to part, [O what a wondrous oddes!]
 Who was by nature the Kings Sonne, but by adoption Gods:
 Nought vrging else his end, saue nature that declyn'd,
 Bright Angels did beare hence that flowre, as other flowres the wind,
 Both Deuils and men when joyn'd to kill for whom God cares,
 May draw a starre as soone from heauen, as hurt one of their haire:
 And whom he will remoue when as their time once comes,
 No guards can garde, no Physick helpe, one fit all force o'recomes,
 But ah that treasures losse, which I can not digest
 Is still the center of my minde, the point where it must rest:
 And each great part of his, which I did earst perceiue,
 My fancies representing new do thoughts attendance craue.
 What wonder though my plaints be thus for him imploy'd
 Who my affections free till then, when Virgins, first enjoy'd?
 And heare me [happie Ghost] that fame may spread them forth,
 I vow to reuerence and enroule the wonders of thy worth:
 That euen though chyllesse dead, thou shall not barren be,
 If Phoebus helpe to procreat posteritie for thee.
 Thus where that others did abandon thee with breath,
 As still aliue I trauell yet, to serue thee after death.

FINIS.





To his Majestie.

TH E worlds affection now this tragick tryall proues,
 Heauen heape mishaps vpon his head, who it not highly moues.
 But though the weight be great, which makes each hart to bow,
 That men when mad, rage not so much as reason doth allow:
 And that [thryse Royall Syre] since that it first was knowne,
 All by imagining your grieve haue doubled so their owne.
 Yet since to many due, waste not on one your cares,
 As all your subjects waile your state, haue pitie Sir on theires.
 Least that this grieve though great, a greater doe out-go,
 If from your sonne turn'd to your selfe, you eeke, not end our wo:

A SHORT VIEW
of the state of man.

MVST wretched man, when com'd where woes abound,
 Ere to the Sunne, vnclose his eyes to teares?
 Whom when scarce borne, one straight to prison beares,
 Loof'd from the bellie, in the Cradle bound.
 Then ryfing by the rod, he doth attend
 The misteries of miserie at length,
 And still his burthens growing with his strength,
 Huge toyles and cares his youths perfection spends.
 Last, helping Natures wants, O deare bought breath!
 He must haue eyes of glasse, and feete of tree,
 Till lyke a bow his bodie turnes to be,
 Which age hath bended to be shot by death.
 O, o I see that from the mothers wombe,
 There's but a litle steppe vnto the tombe.

S. W. J.

✱ **FINIS.** ✱